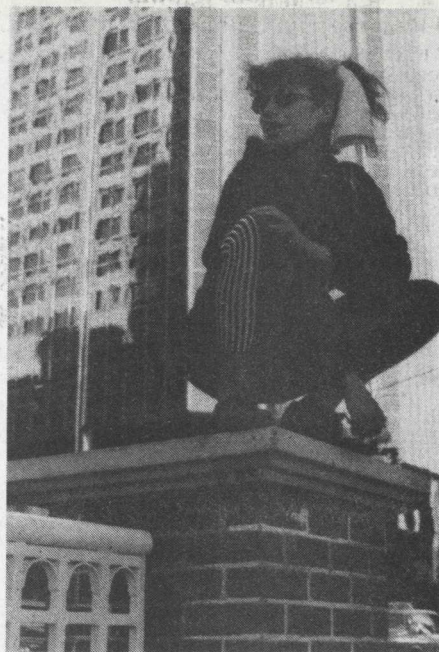


DISCORDER

THAT
MAG
FROM


FM 102

july 88 free



2ND S K I N



PHOTO MARTIN DAHNDEN

432 homer st. 683-7607

IF YOU KNOW WHERE IT IS,

YOU KNOW WHERE IT'S AT.

DISCORDER

That Magazine from CTR FM 102

JULY 1988 * ISSUE #66

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It also vows to circulate 17,500 copies

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money orders or certified cheques payable to Discorder Magazine. All written, drawn or photographed contributions are welcome.

But don't expect to get anything back.

Office hours for CTR, Discorder and the CTR Mobile Sound Rental are

Monday-Friday, 10am-4pm. Please call then. The number is 228-3017. For the News/Sports Room, call 224-4320. But if you want to talk to the DJ, call 228-2487 or 228-CTR.

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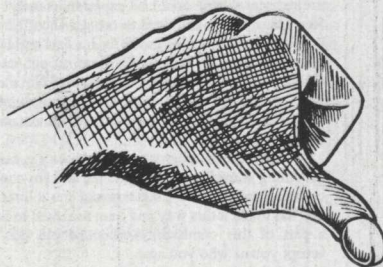
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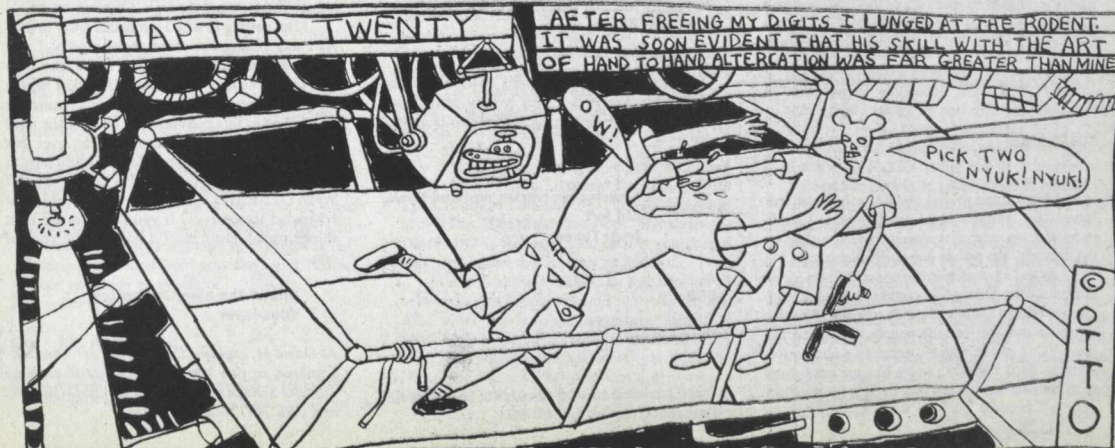
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AIRHEAD



AIRHEAD
c/o CITR
6128 SUB Blvd.
Vancouver, B.C.
V6T 2A5

LETTER OF THE MONTH

Dear Discorder,

Who is Marsha Harris and who is going to take her pen away? You chumps with your criticisms of a scene that doesn't even exist should save your ideas for chatter in the cafeteria. Stop printing this nonsense. There is not a single person on this earth worthy of respect who has even used the phrase "alternate scene". You people are working within a university; aren't you feeling a little stupid, petty, BORING. YOU'RE NOT A SPOKESPERSON, critic, authority on anything but your own helpless delusions my dear little Marsha. Someone drive these poeticales from publishing. Also, Art Bergman's "almost intelligence" beats the hell out of almost-not-a-snot-nosed-little-know-nothing with no respect. Gossip little doggies should stop their yapping or be put to sleep.

Bored with you,

Tom Anselmi

P.S. Fuck the scene. It has finally died in the arms of morons and bloodsuckers. But so much worse are the voyeuristic scene watchers that think they have a right to even speak about their assumptions of others' personal lives. "Parasuicidal"? In the great man's words "You're a loudmouth, baby."

A pretty righteous letter from someone so bored.

TOLERANCE

Dear Airhead,

I am writing to you about the article in the June issue "What's My Look" (Scene). I don't know if I am more disappointed in the article or the "people" the article was written about.

As an "ex-person in the know" I find a lot of the issues the alternative community stands for are biased and frankly a bunch of crap. (Not the issues themselves but the people who stand for them.) One of the reasons there is an alternative community is because people like me are fed up with mainstream culture. But to fight for the little guy just because you are a punk, skinhead or

whatever does not mean that you should give up your own morals or beliefs. Even if they are different than everybody else's including the alternative community. When I lived in Vancouver my group of friends and I would play "judge" and ruin someone's chances to have friends in the alternate community at the flicker of the eye. For no just reason that could be explained sanely. I found this wrong and used to protest about how unfair they were. A lot of the "rules and regulations" on how to be alternate are stupid and childish. Who cares where you hang out? Not me. Who cares if you don't know who Cummins work is. I don't. And I am an Emily Carr art student (and alternative at that).

Anyway, the alternative community is fast becoming a dead community as far as I am concerned. Also it is the intolerance of the tolerant that has made it this way and I am ashamed to be a part of this community when people don't accept you as who you are.

Intolerance of the Tolerant

Dear Airhead,

I have a bone to pick with a few people. Recently, DOA, Death Sentence, Curious George, Ogre, and Organized Chaos played a killer show at the New York Theatre. Organized Chaos rocked and should have got way more time than Ogre, who sucked. But, such is life.

Anyways, just before Death Sentence played, Norman Nawrock, a left wing poet, was introduced and allowed to read some of his work. After a few seconds, he was being booed and heckled, and after a few more minutes, people began to spit and throw things at him. At this point, he threw down his work and walked off the stage in disgust.

Now, excuse me for being so critical, but how can we claim to be open minded and fair when we won't even let a guy voice an opinion. Apart from this, what kind of story do you think he's going to tell when he gets home? Surely not a positive one.

So in closing, before you condemn a person, at least let him say what he has to say. Then, instead of just spitting at him, present your own opinion if you really disagree with him. Wise up and stay open minded. Thanks for listening.

Sincerely,

Malcolm Thompson

BEST LETTER ON FOUR SEASONS STATIONERY

Dear Editor,

Best essay read in months - Marsha Harris' What's My Scene is a gem worthy of national publication. Funniest thing read in this beautiful city.

From,

a neo-conservatist, non-Red Neck,
old fart
from Texas

666

Dear Airhead,

Re: Argh Argh Fuckface and
Drainpipe.

I've discovered an anagram to beat all anagrams. President Reagan's full name is:

RONALD WILSON REAGAN

Note that each name has six letters (666). Now if you rearrange the letters you get:

AN OLD SINNER. GOAL? WAR!

This proves beyond all doubt that old Ronnie is in fact the Anti-Christ.

And he still has a couple more months to use his power to plunge the earth into an unholy holocaust of fire and radioactive dust, killing every living thing and sending the planet out of orbit and into a collision course with the sun...

Then again, it might all be just a coincidence, right?

Sincerely,

Christopher David

MORE ABOUT THAT RETINAL CIRCUS THING

Dear Airhead,

With reference to your snotty response to the correspondence from Roger Schiffer re: the name RETINAL CIRCUS:

Although I've lived in this town since 1969 I don't personally know the man but it seems clear enough that the name is his.

Those "free easy values" you sneeringly allude to brought an end to the US invasion of Vietnam, started to bring a measure of economic and social justice to migrant farmworkers, extended civil rights and began to construct an alternative to military-industrial madness. This process continues and I had thought some of you, at least, were part of it.

Those "free easy values" also created a lot of great music. They never did and never will condone cultural rip-offs.

David Bouvier

THIS MONTH'S WORD IS...

Dear Airhead,

First I want to say that your May issue with Bob's Your Uncle was fabulous! I think you should have a feature article on an alternative hip group in every issue. I go down to fetch my handy Discorder every month at Track Records, and read it wholeheartedly on the Skytrain ride back home. Through and through. Cover to cover.

But getting to why I wrote this letter to you. As I was getting out of the shower today, I was thinking of when I was listening to the Can-Con Job sometime ago. I remember Deded as having a conversation with someone (I can't remember who). And in this conversation he used the term "oxymoron". Now I've been puzzling over that word for quite some time. And I would like to know WHAT THE HELL DOES THAT MEAN? WHAT THE HELL IS IT? Is it two words that contradict themselves? If you could let the light shine through just a bit, I'd be quite the grateful one.

**One of the nine Groovettes
Vancouver**

As David M. explained it to Discorder - an O-X-Y moron is two contradictory words such as JUMBO SHRIMP, MILITARY INTELLIGENCE, and CBC ENTERTAINMENT.

OH NO, NOT HIM AGAIN

Dear Airhead,

C'est moi! 12 noon. Vancouver's somewhat known but little liked artist enlisting yer help. Since my last bomb at the Art's Club, I have been alone a lot in Tofino immersing myself in things including, WAH.

Anyway, my solo (obvious) album is almost done. (5 minutes per side) But none of that is as important as the ol' high nooner. I'm working on bringing every local group down with me on my feeblest effort to date. I'm pretty oblivious in general, and in particular about local bands, but if anyone wants to commit musical suicide on celluloid with me, give me a call. It's a typical mainstream alternative movie about my rejection and failure pertaining to sex, love, and art. You send me a tape, it's your loss.

**Smoochin' my big white butt,
the ol' high nooner.**

Dear Airhead,

Look, if you don't have anything nice to say, shut up! I didn't ask, "Oh, please, gods of ultra-prestension at CiTR, could you please deign to lower yourself to..." I asked if anybody knew what happens if you send a letter via a record company to an artist. Maybe large record companies are corrupt, but that doesn't mean you shouldn't listen to those artists.

Lou Reed, The Clash and Elvis Costello are all relatively monstrous labels, but they still be gods.

As to why I think you hang out at CiTR. Well, I think it would be most polite to leave that one alone. Simone, I never said skating was deviant behaviour. Are you the woman in Brian's psych class who hitch-hiked from Whistler? Can I come and fall down on your stovetop sometime? Grizzelda Bonafide, you are not alone. But if you want to feel better take on an alias and be belligerent in public forums. 12-Midnite - we got a band called Fatal Swirly. Unfortunately we never jam so the part of the sound track we would be on would be kinda quiet, although we had an idea for a rap number involving Hal 9000 and Madonna. Whaddya think? No, huh.

In parting, how about that Bylaw section-77. Huh? Neo Fauvism in action or what.

Deranged by

Drainpipe

GLAD TO OBLIGE

Dear Airhead,

I'm pissed off! Not at you, or at CiTR, or Disorder, or even US foreign policy in Latin America for that matter, but I am experiencing big burbly angry feelings frothing up from my gut. I thought you should know, since I figured the best therapy might be to vent my innards at your readers once a month. So publish my letters, you not-nosed, over-bearing lush, or I'll squeeze the fucking life's blood from your dog. And I know where your kids go to school.

Love,

Mr. Angry

P.S. Is it true that the Waterfront books white South African bands?

Dear Airhead,

It seems I've found something else to write about. It's the cover of your May issue. I was wondering how you came up with that particular design. I was pondering this one morning at breakfast when my brother (who rarely emerges from the basement) asked me what I was reading. I simply replied, Disorder. That magazine from CiTR, and showed him the cover. That was when he freaked. From his hysterical mumbings (?) I managed to pick out that the "Amazing Disorder" cover was the same as the "Amazing Computing" cover. Is this true? Is it legal? (I understand that Marty George is responsible.) Is DRAINPIPE behind it all? What does that SDF woman from Kelowna know about it?

Love that trouble-maker chick,
Simone

Try Amazing Stories 1939.

SUBSCRIPTIONS AND SUBMISSIONS

Dear Airhead,

Listen, you guys and gals can bank on me renewing my subscription. So don't get uptight OK? As you tell me, repeatedly, the Aug./88 issue is it, but upon receipt of that issue I will dispatch appropriate courier pigeon toot sweet avec cheque.

If I still live in Vanc., I would be on my knees begging for a job with your rag. I still intend to submit a couple of articles for your publication consideration in the near future.

Love Bill Mullan (cerebrally). Love Wm. "Otto" Thompson (visually). Love the maniac that decorates the envelopes (desperately).

Colin R.

Feel free to submit away. You too, yah you- the one reading that magazine.

AN AGE OLD PROBLEM

Dear Airhead,

As a minor (being under the age of nine-teen), I've missed out on viewing groups that you consider worthy of at least being printed somewhere within the realms of your magazine. These bands usually hold their gigs at such venues as 86 Street Music Hall, Graceland, The Arts Club, The Commodore or other pubs similar to the ones I have mentioned. I'm kind of pissed off that these great bands hold their gigs at places that you have to be "of legal age" to get into. Don't get me wrong, I'm sure these are cool places, but I (or anyone I know) can't get into them.

I would have like to have seen such cool bands as the Pogues, Love and Rockets, Pseudo Echo, Front 242, Sinead O'Connor, The Grapes of Wrath, The Beat Farmers, Guadalcanal Diary, DOA, Bolero Lava, and as you should very well know, the list goes on and on...

I would like to make it clear that I am not an acid-wash clad bopper nor am I so trendy it hurts. All I would like is to see these bands instead of being turfed out by unfriendly bouncers. Why can't the hip good bands go to such places as The New York Theatre or why can't they rent a warehouse or something?

Please make sure I am known as:

X

**Old enough to care but not old enough
to get in.
Burnaby**

Well, this is an ongoing problem for those under the legal age. The essential reason most bands do not play at non-drinking venues is MONEY. A lot of factors come into play but the main one is that more money can be made if alcohol is served. Alcohol sales are the life's blood of these smaller sized venues. However, a number of the bands mentioned have played gigs at the York Theater, and the Pogues recently played at the Expo Theater.



Talk about your big opportunities. Talk about your chance of a lifetime. If by chance you happen to be a member of a local combo (i.e. a band) then listen up. What follows are two things that should be of deep concern and excitement - SHINDIG and the NCRC88. Yes, Shindig will once again be happening this fall. Those bands interested in competing in this world renowned event should send in a cassette containing 2-4 songs of original material to Linda Scholten c/o CiTR. Also include info about the band (i.e. a press kit) along with contact numbers. The September lineups will be booked before the time comes so be prompt, or as mom would say, don't dilly-dally. You might think that would be enough, but wait, there's more. CiTR is sending delegates to NCRC88 (The National Campus/Community Radio Conference) in Halifax at the end of July. We want your promo packages, tapes, albums, buttons etc. to be distributed amongst the other delegates from across Canada. Be sure to include enough for at least 10-20 delegates; the more the merrier. Send your stuff to CiTR's NCRC88 Delegation c/o CiTR; deadline is July 15. In the category of CiTR concert presentations for July we have Mojo Nixon and Skid Roper on the 16th at the Town Pump. And finally, in the hit us over the head with a big stick category, Jlyall should have received credit for the photo of No Fun at the CBC. It's truth.

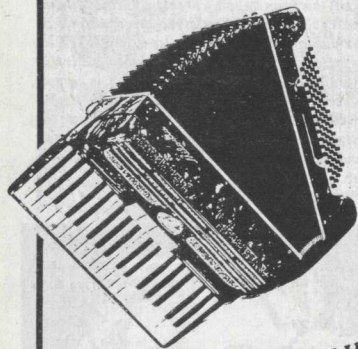
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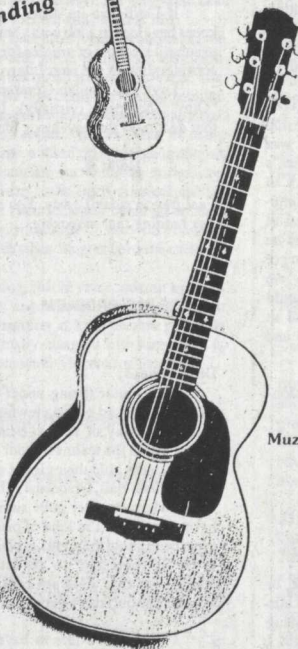
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Rory McLeod • England
Luis Enrique Mejia Godoy • Nicaragua
D.L. Menard and
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And More!

THE JAZZ BUTCHER



It is hard to follow the logic which saw the Jazz Butcher Conspiracy, already with an lp and two spectacular eps under its belt, opening up for the as yet undiscovered Grapes of Wrath in August of 86 at the Town Pump. But then again, logic is not the strong point of the JBC; rather, it is an irrelevant view of society mixed with a gentle blend of pop which makes the JBC the prolific songsmiths they are. The Jazz Butcher is in reality just a single man, Pat Fish, and a various assortment of backing musicians, at one time including the likes of Kevin Haskins, Daniel J and Rolo McGinty. Seeing folly where the masses see normalcy is what sets Fish apart from the other leftist vegetarian musicians hailing from Britain.

The off beat view of Fish can lead a conversation with him along peculiar lines, as a simple question about the number of bus references on the new album, *Fishcotheque*, results in a marxist call to arms. Yes, there are a number of bus references on it, perhaps because I was not taking the bus alot while I was writing the songs. Singing about taking away bus stops is a small thing but very much an indicative thing of the wholesale dismantling and destruction of the British nation that old Thatcher and her gang of thugs indulge in. The country Britain, now, is not the country I was educated to cope with, it is a foreign country from where I come from. It's

been a revolution, a nasty seedy revolution by the nasty bitter little people who have got nothing on their mind but greed and possessions. I see cause for bloody revolution, I see cause for armed revolution, and I am not kidding.

Thatcher is not the only target of Fish's sharp witicism; the Colonel better not try to pass off his Kentucky Fried Chicken onto Fish. I have everything against people who stick chickens in large vats, torture them, fuck them around and then eat them, meanwhile they laugh at them in the movies. The song, *The Best Way*, is a tongue-in-cheek look at the way in which chickens, representing all animals, are treated by man in our society. When you've got Iran and Iraq tearing each other's throats out and American death warfare labratories, people will have chickens quite a way down on their list of priorities, obviously, quite right too. But on the other hand, if you're a chicken, you've only got one chance, man. And if you spent it all locked up in a wire cage smaller than yourself, just so you can be killed and eaten, what?!? This is an extraordinary situation, so I thought I would turn the camera on it for five minutes.

There can be no doubting the reflective intelligence of Fish, as he talks with ease about politics, philosophy, religion and anything else one cares to mention to him. Although this intel-

lectual thoroughness is to be expected from an Oxford graduate, which Fish is, the idiosyncratic view of society is not expected. Rejecting the educational conveyor belt which attempted to mold him, Fish did not enjoy his stay in school. These people took me from the age of 18 to about the age of 22 trying to keep me in Latin and Greek land, and all I wanted to do was go down to the pub and watch punk bands. This led to an arrested development case, I didn't actually reach the age of 18 until I was 25. You do meet some nice people at Oxford, but then again you met some nice people in jail as well.

Being a qualified philosopher, thanks to his stay in school, has left Fish in a position to answer some of the Big Questions which have riddled man since the dawn of time. The JBC cliché of attempting to resolve the Big Questions began during a tour of France which saw guitarist Max Aider having an existential anxiety crisis. In earlier times, people would have said he looked down and saw the gates of Hell open before him. After a few beers, Max quieted down, but as a result of this drunken philosophizing, we decided we were no longer a pop group, but a crack philosophical team. We worked all the way through France testing out all the Big Ones. And what earth shattering questions are they working on now? Why do women always go to the toilet in pairs? You have to admit that is sizeable.

Since last coming to Vancouver the JBC have undergone a number of line up changes, in fact Fish is the only remaining member from the 1986 tour. Long time guitar side kick and co-conspirator Max Aider left to do a solo album and has settled down to live a conventional life. Felix, the bassist, went to pursue a love affair in Montreal which has since faltered. For a while the JBC consisted only of Fish and saxophonist Alex Green, but nobody took them seriously; even their own managers told them to get a real band together. The present band consists of guitarist Kizzy O'Callaghan, and the rhythm section from fellow Creation artists the Weather Prophets. Alex Green is still very much involved with the band but has decided to have it off this tour. The constant is one philosophical Fish.

Not satisfied with singing angst filled songs about ill-fated romance, the JBC write humor filled intelligent songs with catchy riffs and phrases. Pat Fish is an important individual/group in music in today, and besides, the devil is his friend.

Chris B.

July 1988

7



photos: Mandel Ngan

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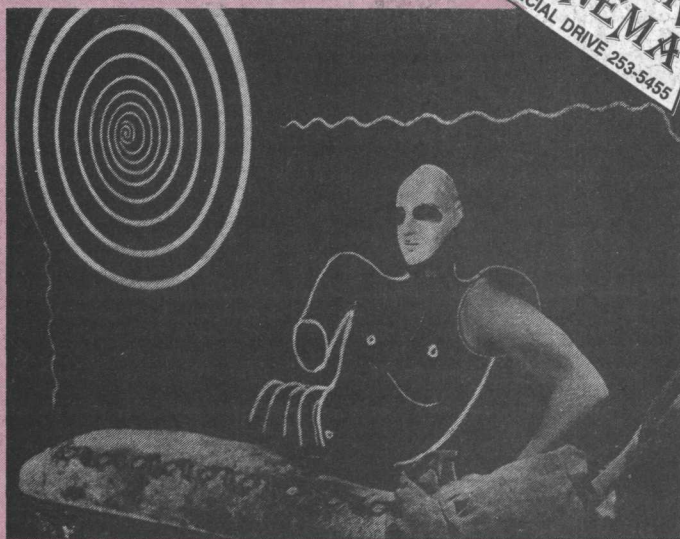
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the cat lover



George Tyler is driving east on Hastings Street with a dead cat in the trunk of his car. The car is an early seventies Japanese model.

Low compression, rusting floor panels, blue smoke, no heat, no wipers; the car is on its last legs. It runs continually gas rich because George is under the false impression that the manual choke button is a defective cigarette lighter.

George is a big pudding of a man already spilling from his clothing at the age of thirty-one. George is an alcoholic, like his mother and father and his wife. George doesn't drink.

He smokes dope though. Every single day. Four or five joints, starting in the early afternoon.

In his whole life, George has never had as much as a thousand dollars in the bank. He'll be a rent payer until the day he dies. He knows it.

Friday afternoon. People squirming and pushing along the sidewalks. Pass a children's clothing store called Helen's. Above the store there is a neon girl rocking back and forth on a swing. She clasps a short white rope which strobos faintly in the late evening light.

George curves left onto the Barnett Highway. The traffic flows easily. The tops of the trees are bathed in orange.

George pulls off the road just west of the Barnett Rifle Range.

From the trunk of the car he takes a red

shovel and a cardboard box. The dead cat is inside the cardboard box. He looks up at the mountain and starts to climb, holding the shovel awkwardly against his chest.

He picks a grave sight half way up the mountain, close to a modern barbed wire fence.

George swings the shovel through the slash preparing a circle of fresh earth, perhaps three feet in diameter.

It is a very good earth; moist and reddish; ready to be plundered.

The earth piles up beside the grave. When George stops to rest, he leans on the shovel, panting, gazing from the corners of his eyes as if he is performing mathematical tasks inside his head.

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He sits with his feet in the grave, tearing at the box. It is a small, cream colored cat with a ringed tail like a racoon. George examines the body of the cat. There is a patch of fur missing from both front paws and dried blood on the teeth and gums.

George sits for a long time stroking the stiff cat, running his hands over the face and flanks. A few fleas crawl from the cold body.

George cries, sobbing miserably like a wronged child.

When he arrives home he finds his two year old daughter marching around the house waving a piece of string, trying to entice the non-existent cat into a game of chase.

"The cat is gone," says George to his daughter.

"Kitty, kitty, kitty" says George's daughter, trolling with the string along the base of the couch.

George picks his daughter up. He holds her at arms length, shaking her gently and notices with displeasure that she is shitting into her diapers as he does this. George puts his daughter down.

"Could you change her?" shouts his wife from the kitchen a moment later.

"I'm tired," says George.

George's wife leads the child to the bathroom silently.

"I've just buried the cat," says George. They eat macaroni and cheese at the kitchen table. The little girl is being difficult; whimpering and not eating.

"The 79 cent dinner," says George, smacking his lips together dramatically.

"It's got extra cheese," says his wife.

"The 89 cent dinner," says George, repeating his gesture with less effect.

They fall into silence.

The child inverts the bowl of macaroni and soils herself again before the meal is over.

In bed at night the two of them lie side by side, breathing shallowly.

"It's just as well that cat got hit," says George's wife.

"Now why would you say a thing like that?" says George

"I'm not really sure why I said that," says George's wife.

The next day, on his way home from work George stops at the S.P.C.A.

Age after cage, the cats lie passively on sheets of soggy newspaper, sleeping or staring beyond him with half-closed eyes. Either they have given up or they misunderstand their circumstance.

As George retraces his steps along the row of cages, a fluffy ginger cat totters up to him, sniffing at him through the mesh. George sniffs back. The cat raises itself on its hind legs. He takes the cat home.

"What do you think you are doing?" says George's wife, her gaze fixed on the ball of orange fluff pawing it's way across the kitchen table.

"I would like my dinner now," says George, sweeping the cat from the table and lowering himself into a chair against the

wall.

George eats alone at the kitchen table while his wife works methodically on a stack of dirty dishes.

There is a cry from the bedroom and removes the girl from the crib, feeling a wave of resentment as her body stiffens to his touch.

"She only wants her Mommy when she's waking up," says George, embarrassed, holding the child out to his wife.

"Let me at least get these gloves off," says George's wife.

She lifts her sweater up and puts the child onto her breast.

"She's almost too old for that," says George.

He goes to the living room and turns the T.V. on to the hockey game. In a few minutes the orange cat emerges from under the sofa.

"Here kitty, here kitty," says George.

"Kitty, kitty, kitty," says George's daughter emerging from the kitchen with a piece of banana. She advances on the cat, falls to her knees and traps it against the floor. She licks the cat steadily between the ears as if it is an ice cream cone.

"Oh honey, you've got to see this," calls George from the living room.

"What? What is it?" says George's wife, arranging her swollen breasts under the sweater.

"Look at the cat. She's licking the cat," says George excitedly.

"Oh Christ," says George's wife scooping the child up, pushing the cat away. She turns to George "You know, you're a liability around here."

"What are you talking about?" says George.

"You just sit there while the child is licking the cat."

"I don't see any harm in it."

"You stupid, fat, stoned, idiot. That cat probably has fleas and mites."

George's wife retreats to the kitchen holding the crying child under her arm like a bag of groceries.

"Well I'm all you've got, so there," shouts George after her.

"And you just sit there," she says, standing in the doorway.

"That's right," says George.

"You don't help around here," she says.

"That's right," says George, picking up the cat.

"Your daughter can't stand you," she says.

"That's probably right too," says George, putting the cat on his lap.

"You don't even fuck me anymore," she says.

"I don't?" says George, genuinely surprised.

"My God, you treat that cat better than me," she says.

"I do like the cat," says George, running his hands carefully through the soft orange fur.

Guy Bennett

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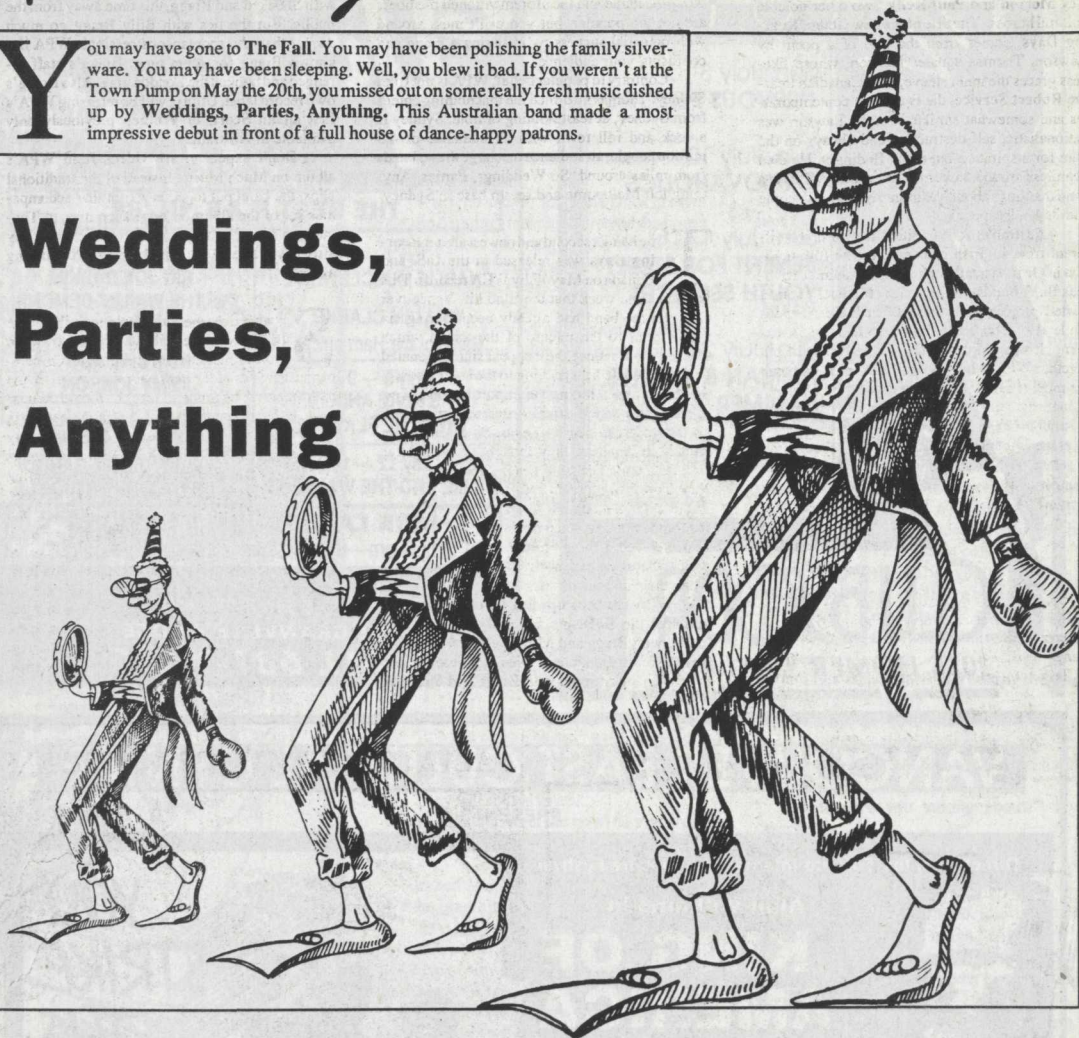
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You may have gone to *The Fall*. You may have been polishing the family silverware. You may have been sleeping. Well, you blew it bad. If you weren't at the Town Pump on May the 20th, you missed out on some really fresh music dished up by *Weddings, Parties, Anything*. This Australian band made a most impressive debut in front of a full house of dance-happy patrons.

Weddings, Parties, Anything



When I said fresh, I really meant fresh music. This old DJ has seen and heard a lot of guitar bands in his day, but WPA is like no other gang of strummers. However, I had made a grievous mistake before reeling into the Town Pump. I read reviews. Hence, I thought I was going to see a folk/rock band. I lumped them in with the "New Folk Movement". Visions of sun-tanned Pogues with crocodile teeth around their necks danced through my head. Not very smart on my part. As I watched these five guys bound about the stage, I realized that this band refused to fit into any of my preconceived notions of what a folk/rock band should sound like. Oh yeah, this band possesses certain folk qualities. WPA use this folk based uniqueness to add an extra dimension to what I call the guitar band syndrome: an unusual condition that afflicts many guitar bands whereby they become stricken by a tedious uniformity; in other words, they display a tendency to all sound alike.

I think the feature that really got me was the piano accordion played brilliantly by Mark Wallace. It used to be that the accordion was an instrument forced upon pitiful grade schoolers by their over zealous parents. In short, an instrument of dread, not very cool, etc. But behold! The piano accordion is adding a whole new facet to rock and roll as presented by WPA. The instrument provided a fantastic background sound and harmonizing effect that I found irresistible. Only the bagpipes have had that kind of profound effect on me before. Mark and I agreed that the accordion was sadly underused and underrated.

Ah! The scourge of folk/rock bands. That unenviable and unavoidable comparison with The Pogues which I've seen in print more than a few times. The fact is, most of these comparisons are unwarranted. They are best used by night club owners who want to give their potential patrons

some idea of what they are seeing. The end result being that patrons feel satisfied because they saw something different and great or they feel ripped off because they saw a band that didn't look and sound like Band X. (Ergo all comparisons are unfair.) Michael Thomas is WPA's head honcho when it comes to song writing. When asked about the comparison he responded that the Pogues and WPA have the same intent, but a different approach. This should not be construed as a philosophical statement. Thomas explained that both groups are reviving and writing folk music but with very different styles of presentation. The very histories of Ireland and Australia negate any unifying principle between the two bands. WPA see themselves as part of the strong folk tradition that has always bound together popular Australian literature and music. Witness their tribute to the continent's most beloved poet, Henry

Lawson, as well as their recordings of songs by Tex Morton and Paul Kelly, two other notable cultural heroes. The title of the new album, *Roaring Days*, comes from the title of a poem by Lawson. Thomas equates Lawson, whose likeness graces the inner sleeve, with Canadian treasure Robert Service, the two being contemporaries and somewhat similar in style. Lawson was nationalistic, self-destructive and always on the hunt for inspiration but never finding it. He died penniless around the turn of the century. This is a band that sings about Australian history, its people and its landscapes.

Australian folk tradition is also much different from its Irish counterpart. The folk tradition in Oz is basically upheld by sometimes frivolous Bush Bands. As a teenager Michael Thomas started playing with these Bush Bands in pubs while also listening to the *Clash* and the *Jam* at home. It was only a matter of time before he put together WPA, a band with "Bush" roots but with the more meaningful lyrics inspired by Thomas' influences. The group does not dwell on the sunny Australian image. They are clearly city boys whose message is that of the contemporary urban working class. The only song performed by WPA that sounded vaguely like the Pogues was a song written by Ewan McCall called *Go! Move! Shift!* (McCall's daughter, Kirstie, sings with The Pogues' Shane McGowan on the band's latest album.) So be warned! Don't go looking for a Pogues sound here.

WPA has been around for about 4 years although the current line-up, excepting Thomas, is different from the original crew. The awkward name - Weddings, Parties, Anything - comes from a Clash song and was adopted by some former

band members much to Thomas' chagrin. Obviously the name and the aforementioned members are not too popular, but you can't mess around with potential success by changing a name and confusing your audience.

Contrary to popular belief, WPA is not from Sydney. Thomas informed me that nothing comes from Sydney, at least nothing of note. Sydney is a rock and roll town with an audience of 4.5 million people; an audience that large draws bands from miles around. So Weddings, Parties, Anything left Melbourne and set up base in Sydney.

The band's second and newest album *Roaring Days* was released in the U.S. and Canada on May 17 by WEA records. This was the same week that the band hit Vancouver although the band had already been touring six weeks prior to the release of the album which really did not reduce their appeal since I counted about 20 people lip-synching to the band's songs. Someone's been hitting the import record stores. A Houston music festival generously paid their air fare to bring them to Texas. Since they were already in America, they thought they might as well do a tour. The band headed east, moving to New York, swung up to Halifax, over to Toronto and down into industrial America before heading for Vancouver and finishing in Calgary. The tour also included a 3 gig stint in London, England which the guys had not really recovered from when they hit Vancouver.

WPA has been opening up on this tour for acts like the BoDeans and Billy Bragg. They toured with Bragg and Michelle Shocked in Detroit and Pittsburgh and even got into an impromptu jam on stage with Bragg and Shocked.

This was followed by another late night boomer with Shocked and Bragg, this time away from the public. But the ties with Billy Bragg go much deeper than the spontaneous sessions. WPA has known Bragg for some time. Bragg's staff arranged and booked the London gigs. Also Bragg's own record label, Utility, will be releasing WPA's first album *Scorn of Women* previously only available in Australia.

Don't expect to see videos from WPA's album on Much Music. Instead of the traditional clips, the band put together a film that accompanies six of the album's songs according to Thomas; an idea that was born from laziness. They also played live for the cameras instead of miming along.

So what does the future hold for WPA? The band had some initial problems with the North American and European record companies because of the distinctly Australian theme to the music. The problem was, the record companies just did not understand it, saying the band was too political or not slick enough. All of that may have changed. WPA was recently named most promising act at the Annual Australian Recording Industry Awards. INXS won that award and look what that happened to them. (Maybe that's a bad example.) In any case, the award and the North American tour will bring much needed exposure to this band whom the Australian press has been raving about for quite some time. Their energy and ability should appeal to almost any musical taste. Look at me. I play nothing but funk and I loved WPA. Look for the quintet to return in September or October. Thanks for the beer guys.

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June 10th, 11th, and 12th marked the fifth annual Chicago Blues Festival, an event I witnessed in person. Over the space of three days almost 600,000 people crowded Grant Park in downtown Chicago, on the shore of Lake Michigan, to swill beer, barbecue, and listen to an incredible line-up of some of the blues' heaviest heavyweights. Otis Rush was there; Buddy Guy was there; so were Albert and B.B. King, Son Seals and Koko Taylor. The event appears to be growing in popularity and gaining more recognition each year. Yet, there is a question which remains uppermost in my mind: is this the real blues, and is this the real Chicago? As with any worthwhile question, the answer is complex and more than a little disturbing.

Chicago is an incredible place, bewildering on first acquaintance to even an urban Canadian. There is nothing to compare north of the 49th. Instead of being one city, Chicago is more akin to a city state with divisions sometimes as sharp as the grids on the map. There is black Chicago and white Chicago, Hispanic Chicago and "ethnic" Chicago. The mingling zones are tentative. Laws no longer enforce this, but historical precedent weighs heavy. Signatures on documents do not ensure freedom, action does. Continual action. And segregation which once used race as its basis now uses financial status. The kicker: the poor, the permanent underclass, are often black. Not always, but often. Money talks in Chicago, and if you don't have it you're flat out of luck. Life will be brutal for you. And make no mistake—people are not poor by choice; they are made poor and kept poor.

The South Side and the West Side of the city are the largest black ghettos in the United States. They are black cities unto themselves—square mile after square mile of overcrowded tenements; boarded-up, burned-out houses; hand-painted signs advertising booze, cigarettes, and cut-rate food; tail-dragging Cadillacs; and, needless to say, enough iron latticework to fence in the province of British Columbia. Twenty-two thousand tons of garbage has been illegally dumped on the South Side, and a task force set up to study the problem was driven away by large rats. Also, dotted here and there, along the Dan Ryan Ex-

pressway for instance, are the infamous "projects"—terrifying-looking Stonehenges where balconies are caged in with chain link twenty storeys up. Too many kids have already gone over. You don't see guns, except in pawn shops, but I'm told one out of two people carry them.

My information comes first hand. On my three visits to Chicago in the past year I have spent the majority of my time on the South Side. Thanks to wonderful people I have met there, people eking out an existence in this place, I have been given somewhere to stay and friends to be with. The times have been good; the South Side is by no means all doom and gloom. A dignity and liveliness is constantly asserting itself. Many homeowners choose to live in this part of the city and keep immaculate houses. But how does all this tie in with the blues and Chicago's annual festival? Well, intimately.

The South Side could be called the Deep South Side. It is chock-full of people—first, second, and third generation—of black Southern heritage. From the Mississippi Delta and the plantation the blues flowed out like a black river, fertilizing the American music scene wherever it was heard. Or perhaps, more correctly, it created the scene in the first place. The sound went to the West Coast, to what is now Oakland, and Watts; to the East Coast, Harlem; to Kansas City; and to the South Side of Chicago, the germinating place of electric urban blues. Electric blues is a music which since its inception in the immediate post-war years, only a little over forty years ago, has since spread the world over. For the most part the musicians are still southern born, except for the youngest generation who are now Chicago bred, but of Southern parents.

Many of the best known blues musicians still live on the South Side, and the music itself is everywhere in the ghetto (a word I use reluctantly; it is really too sweeping), playing to the older generation and now competing with the dance beat the kids want. My point; the South Side, not Grant Park, is where the true blues is to be found. Buddy Guy, when he used to play the Checkerboard on East 43rd, before losing the club; Magic Slim at The Cuddle Inn on South Ashland; Brady's on East 47th; places with names like "J.C.'s", "The Inn Crowd", and "Copherbox", this is the real thing. It is something white Chicago—unless it is brave; the dangers are real—cannot appreciate

because it does not know, but Buddy at Grant Park is not the same Buddy Guy who once played the Checkerboard. If you want the evidence without flying 2000 miles, buy his JSP import recorded live at the Checkerboard, The Dollar Done Fell (JSP 1009), and compare it to, say, one of his Commodore appearances.

Undoubtedly, though, some of the best blues clubs are on the North Side—the "Safe Side", the "Mostly White Side". The Kingston Mines, B.L.U.E.S., Rosa's, The Wise Fools, and others like them are "safe" bars where one can hear the world's greatest home-grown blues music any night of the week. I do not dispute this. And the Blues Festival is a fantastic thing—I hope it becomes a venerable granddaddy. It gives a wide exposure to wrongly obscure people—Dion Payton and the 43rd St. Blues Band, for example, has to be one of Chicago's best kept secrets. Why aren't their albums available up here? But I must play pariah. All is not well in the state of Chicago. White Chicagoans love the music but shrink from the reality of its roots. Middle class Blacks do the same. Everybody comes to Grant Park to relax and have a good time. Bonhomie runs high. But, for the most part, Blacks sit in groups under the trees on the periphery, barbecuing and tending to their kids, while Whites occupy the middle space, rock festival style. The races could be described as studiously ignoring one another. Questions are being begged, still. Then again, people from New York were heard to say they couldn't believe the racial harmony in Chicago. Well...Howard Beach...Bernie Goetz.

In the Wake of Jesse Jackson's political success, and with Chicago into its second black mayoralty, hope, despite allegations of "character" problems with both these men, peeps up again. Blacks maybe do have a voice Whites are willing to listen to. But on the South Side, Blacks have perhaps all but ceased to voice anything. Interest in the Festival in 1987 and this year ran low among South-Siders—a shock to me when I first encountered this apathy. But...it was just those same old blues that had been playing around the corner for donkey's years. One woman I met knew less about the layout of streets in the downtown core than I did. I'd been there three days, she all her life. This is not an exception but rather the rule. I can't help coming away from Windy City feeling that the Chicago Miller High Life Blues



Festival sponsored by the Mayor's Office of Special Events smacks just slightly of good P.R. Well, that's okay, that's America. But what about the black family who only recently moved into Cicero, Illinois, a suburb on the immediate western boundary of Chicago? They were firebombed within a few days. Cicero is where the Nazis, bluecollar American version, hang out. Or what about the rumour that black people are going to be moved from those wonderful projects where they can try to avoid misery for \$12 or so a month, turfed out to make way for high-paying condo dwellers? Or what about my friend Carey Bell, blues harmonica genius, slugging around the South Side, working for peanuts or not working at all? No answers, only more questions.

But, did I find the real Chicago? The real blues? You might ask. And the answer is yes. Saturday night at a place called The New Excuse around 60th and South Halsted, Deep South Side. The band playing there was Bill Warren and the Midnight Creepers—Bill is the drummer—and they could have been transported from a Mississippi, or Arkansas, or Louisiana juke joint from, let's say, 1962, the year of my birth. The place was hot and smoky, a long, narrow hole in the wall, and everyone—except for myself and two friends—was black, between the ages of 40 and 60, and most likely born and raised in the South. My spiritual advisor Big Doug described the music as a reincarnation of Elmore James, the great boogie slide guitar pioneer. One woman, Big Bee, came up out of the audience to sing, and before her Hazel, a large, very black woman dressed completely in black, had come from behind the bar to slam out a version of "Meet Me With Your Black Drawers On." Finally, Dan, a quiet gentleman, slightly built, who had been sitting with us at the bar got up. He told me he was going to "put the real Southern blues on me now." From quiet and unassuming he turned into a writhing showman, angry, dangerous, his vocals barely distinguishable, a cross between a hoarse shout and a sustained moan. He did two or three songs like this and then as suddenly as he had started, he finished, and, almost bashfully it seemed, retook his place beside us, shaking our hands rather limply. But, just as he had promised, he had "put it on us."

I'll meet you with you with your black drawers on, Chicago.
Lachlan Murray
 (Blues, Blues, Blues / Soul City)



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Imagine a world where you have to show I.d. to get into your neighborhood public library; where all the Renaissance Madonnas in the Art Gallery have little blouses pinned on them; where the only way to get a copy of Dr. Spock's famous parenting guide, *Baby and Child Care*, is to arrange for someone to smuggle it across the border for you, wrapped, of course, in plain brown paper, and deliver it to you at some dimly lit corner, late at night.

This is the world in which the Tories' proposed anti-pornography legislation, Bill C-54, has become law. The Bill, the brainchild (if you can call it that) of Justice Minister Ronan Hnatyshyn, is a puritanical throw-back to the dark ages, and the descendant of an even more repressive and silly piece of legislation which Former Justice Minister John Crosbie tried to foist on an unsuspecting public back in 1984. Sections of Bill C-54 could force libraries to create Adult Only zones, art galleries to censor painting and culture, and because of a sentence which advises parents to tell their children that masturbation is normal, ban Spock's book from bookstores forever. In an attempt to please both the ultra-conservative element of the Tory caucus, as well as law enforcement officials who complain that the current Obscenity Act makes cracking down on kiddie porn too difficult, Hnatyshyn has succeeded in uniting groups who have almost nothing in common: feminist factions, soft-core publishers, civil rights activists, and librarians.

Until recently, however, it has been the nation's artistic community that has been most vocal in opposing the bill. After all, with the maximum 10 years jail term for the crime of "encouraging" (i.e. anything other than branding as disgusting, dirty, and downright depraved) the acts of masturbation, lechery, oral and anal sex, bestiality, necrophilia, and any sexual activity involving minors, Canadian writers, musicians, visual and film makers are justifiably eyerolling long and costly battles defending their work in court. The most frightening element of the vague and reactionary Bill C-54 is the placement of the onus of proof on the defendant, rather than in accordance with the bulk of Canadian jurisprudence, on the accuser. In other words, the artist charged with promoting pornography would have to prove why his or her work wasn't pornography, rather than the accuser—who could, by the way be anyone at all who happened to find the artist's work offensive—having to prove why the work was pornographic.



EROTICA, BESTIALITY, AND DEGRADATION OR: HOW I'M SPENDING MY SUMMER VACATION

Bill C-54, the Anti-Pornography Bill (or the Censorship Bill, depending on who you talk to) had its first reading in the House of Commons on May 4th. Almost everyone's at least heard of it by now - the Vancouver Public Library has handed out hundreds of cards of protest to be sent to Ottawa; the Toronto Public Library shut down completely for one day to draw attention to the bill.

But what is Bill C-54? Basically, a vague and all-encompassing document meant to amend the Criminal Code, specifically to define "erotica" (which is legal, but controlled) versus "pornography" (which is illegal) and to outline punishments for law-breakers. And whether you think there should be regulation of "erotica" and/or "pornography" or not, Bill C-54 should scare you.

The main difference between the proposed amendments and the old law is that the old law's definitions of "obscene" depended on "community standards", a vagueness that allows for some flexibility, while Bill C-54, if passed, will fix exactly (well, not really exactly - the precise meaning of words like "bestiality" and so on are still unclear) what sexual acts can legally be visually depicted or written about and what can't. The loophole that's meant to soften the blow is the clause about "artistic merit", "educational, scientific or medicinal purpose" - in other words, an artist who can hire a lawyer may have a chance to defend his or her work from the label of "pornography."

According to Bill C-54, "erotica" (which cannot, except in certain cases, be shown to minors, but is otherwise quite within the law) is:

any visual matter a dominant characteristic of which is the depiction, in a sexual context or for the purpose of the sexual stimulation of the viewer, of a human sexual organ, a female breast or the human anal region.

The first five subparagraphs more or less (albeit not very clearly) list points groups opposed to violent pornography (almost always hate literature against women) have been concerned about for a long time, including depiction of sex with minors, incest, necrophilia, brutality and sex, and degradation. But subparagraph (vi) goes on the label pornography as:

masturbation or ejaculation...or vaginal, anal or oral intercourse...

and "dealing" in this kind of "pornography" can mean a sentence of two years. Except, of course, if the accused establishes...that the matter or communication in question has artistic merit or an educational, scientific or medicinal purpose.

In other words, it's up to the artist (and how many can afford to hire a lawyer?) to prove that his or her work should not be considered pornographic and seized. (Which doesn't sound easy - I took a 3 unit course a couple of years ago which only asked "What is art?") To make matters worse, even if the artist does manage to defend this work, the court will still hold onto the piece in question until (and I don't know what this means) "the time for final appeal has expired." And all this (plus a jail term) can be for no more than a visual portrayal of exactly what our partners (and their parents, and so on ad infinitum) did, and do.

As for written material, while Bill C-54 won't make it illegal to describe any sex act, it labels as pornography (and thus illegal) "any matter or commercial communication that incites, promotes, encourages or advocates" sex with or in the presence of minors (as well as, just for an example, "the exhibition, for a sexual purpose...of a female breast...in the presence of a person who is, or is depicted as being or appears to be, under the age of eighteen years"), violence with sex, or "degradation" (including any kind of penetration with objects-

so much for love boutique catalogues - and "lactation or menstruation in a sexual context"), as well as the already mentioned bestiality.

There's more too, of course, but this should give a pretty good idea of what this bill proposes. Even this brief look turns up all sorts of problems. First, there is the lumping of violent pornography (i.e. depiction of illegal acts, like sex with children and necrophilia) with what feminist antipornography groups have been calling erotica (i.e. depictions of caring mutually enjoyable sex acts) under the label of "pornography". Then there is the problem of definitions - new precedents (if the bill is passed) will have to be set (at the cost, mainly, of artists and supporters of the arts). This means that writers, painters, filmmakers, musicians, radio announcers, theatre and gallery owners, publishers, and so on will all be uncertain as to what they can and cannot publish, show, display, broadcast, or make accessible at all, with the implied justification being that, if they are accused of "dealing in pornography", all they have to do is show to the courts the "merits" of the work in question.

Clearly, if we need new "anti-pornography" legislation, Bill C-54 isn't it. Let's just hope the federal government is too busy with Meech Lake and Free Trade to let this bill get any further.

Janis McKenzie

I would like to thank the UBC Library, Legal Services Resource Centre, MP Svend Robinson's office, and especially Donna Stewart, an anti-pornography activist, for their help.

What would the passage of this bill mean for works of art already in existence? Without doubt, the novels of Canadian Margaret Lawrence, Robertson Davies, Alice Munro, and Margaret Atwood could be challenged as pornographic. These writers would be forced to either change their subject matter, or risk imprisonment. Atwood, who recently described literature after the Bill as work where "it'll be okay to write about sex, but only if it is shown to be sexually stimulating," offers an example of what would be acceptable:

"She lay on the sofa, radiating femininity, and the eight men wanted to throw up." Atwood continues, "We're going to be back in the land of Mickey Spillane, where when Mike Hammer sees a beautiful, naked woman, standing in the doorway, her breasts

heaving alternately (afraid I have always longed to see performed), his response is to blow her head off. Under these conditions, hatred of women as male-perceived repositories of sexuality, is going to become even more institutionalized in this society than it already is."

Certainly, writers will not be the only victims of Bill C-54. Film maker David Cronenberg (the Fly, Videodrome) has stated that, if the legislation is passed, he will leave the country. His films are not alone in being at jeopardy. Franco Zeffirelli's *Romeo and Juliet* and Bernardo Bertolucci's *Last Tango in Paris* as well as his more recent *The Last Emperor* may easily fall under the Bill's definition of pornography. Other popular films, including *Risky Business* and *Porky's* (I guess the Bill can't do all that) may be banned, or at best, edited dramatically.

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Supporters of the Bill say that the artistic community is over-reacting; they claim that, while there could well be charges against these artists, their chances of resulting in convictions are slim; small comfort for the artist who must anticipate explaining to the world why, when her character on page four, bares her breast in the presence of a minor, it is only because the minor is her child, and she is going to feed him. (This particular defense, on second thought, might not help the artist any; after all, lactation is included in the Bill's list of pornographic acts.)

At the heart of Bill C-54 is a segment of the Canadian public that, according to Liberal Justice Critic Bob Kaplan, "is threatened by sex, fearful of the eighties, fearful of the seventies, even fearful of the sixties, who wants to see us use the Criminal Code to bring back their idea of the Good Old Days, with the Good Old Standards."

Unfortunately, those standards don't offer much help in combating the problems of the present world. Try explaining how to prevent AIDS to elementary and highschool students without printing materials that would assuredly be labelled pornographic under Bill C-54. Try warning pre-schoolers about the dangers of pedophiles without the help of such highly acclaimed educational packages as *Show Me*, which has already been attacked as obscene by many of the same voices who are now supporting this bill.

The passage of this bill would mean that every Canadian artist would face the choice usually associated with living behind the Iron Curtain or in some Banana Republic: either tow the Official Line, or risk imprisonment. In those countries, the issue is usually political. Leave it to this government to create this situation with sex.

According to Kaplan, the Conservatives are very committed to seeing this bill become law. Remember, many of the MPs have already been unable to deliver to their right-wing constituents on the issues of abortion and capital punishment. This bill may be their last chance, in a year when election fever is already palpable in the air.

The Bill is presently in committee—the last stage in which amendments can be made before it comes before the House for the third and final time. With the huge majority enjoyed by the Tories, it seems very likely that Bill C-54 will be with us, in one shape or another, before the year is through.

Andrea Lupini

UNDER REVIEW

STEVE REICH Early Works (Nonesuch)

There was a guy named Carol who used to live on the same street as I did. He looked like Jesus. When I was twelve he held up a gas station with a sawed-off shotgun because he wanted some cigarettes. When he got out of jail he did a lot of walking. Everyday at the same time he would start away from his parents' house, only to return each night at the exact same time.

Minimalism is based upon an Eastern belief which says that if you repeat something once, it's boring, but if you repeat it a hundred times it's interesting. Both Steve Reich and Phillip Glass have beaten this idea to death in the past twenty years; in the process their work has gotten progressively worse. Although minimalism has now become yuppie mood music, Early Works covers the period when this kind of music was still fresh.

I have a theory which says that Steve Reich and Phillip Glass have been dead for fifteen years. What you see when they go on tour is two beady-eyed blow-up dolls preaching their mock spirituality. Inside these blow-up dolls are sequencers which perform the music; the music itself is composed by four year olds who can play open strings on the violin (thanks to the Suzuki method). This way all the money goes to the record company rather than the composer.

A couple of days ago I saw Jesus. He was walking around aimlessly.

Paul B.A. Steenhuisen

THE BEATNIGS The Beatnigs (Alternative Tentacles)

"What are the Beatnigs about?"

"We are about reality awareness. We are about provocation. We are about thinking and questioning these times in which we live. We still want to exist: then together let's all question." (from the liner notes)

Okay, but what does any of that equal? So they've graduated high school. This is rock 'n' roll. Or is it? Not Bruce Springsteen's rock 'n' roll, or Bon Jovi's or Van Halen's. There aren't howling guitars from hell anywhere to be heard. Most of it would be difficult to dance to.

The Beatnigs are five guys from San Francisco, none of whom is what you'd call white. Their approach is sort of Test Department meets Gil Scott-Heron with a lot of other ingredients thrown in for variety. Live, as they were at Graceland June 8th, heavy energy was impressively unloaded. Electric bass, some keyboards and the rest all drums, industrial percussion and assorted 'noise-makers'. There was funk but it wasn't particularly funky. There were politics but you couldn't help but move. It had as much to do with King Crimson as it did with James Brown. Is any of this helping?

On record, if anything, they're better. This is not just adrenalin kids captured on vinyl. These guys understand the power of words and the magic of the recording studio. Bringing *Essential Attention To National Interferences Games and Scandals. Because Everybody Art To New Internationally Generated Spectrum.* (the liner notes are good, too). A damned good album. Deepest darkest Africa meets TV Hell. I'd say buy it, but we don't say things like that around here.

Bill Mullan

A 21 second interview with John of the Gruesomes

What's your name and birthdate?

John Davis. May 2, 1967.

Have you ever played in New York?

We've played in New York City once. We played at Tramps, which is owned by Buster Poindexter, and we played with a band called the Headless Horseman, from NYC, who are the most amazing band I've ever seen. It was a real joke because they opened for us and it was our first gig with a new drummer and we didn't know any songs and we fucked up left, right, and centre.

Did anybody notice?

Yes, everybody noticed.

What's your favorite type of drink?

Orange Juice.

by John Ruskin

VARIOUS It Came From Canada Vol.4 (Og)

Just when you thought that Canadian music had nothing to offer you, OG Records comes to the rescue with the 4th in the *It Came From Canada* series. The bands, which cover a fair chunk of the musical spectrum, are primarily from Eastern Canada. There are several new tracks from bands that have constantly appeared on the series. *I Wish That Cat Would Shut Up* is from the two man, guitar and drums powerhouse of noise, *Deja Voodoo*. Montreal's Gruesomes sing about picking up chicks in the tradition of 60's garage music with *I Try*. Also from Montreal is the one man beat box, E.J. Brule with *Tabarnak! Make My Day*. Bands who have enjoyed recent attention include Hamilton's Dik Van Dykes who sing about the Beachcombers, and the Cowboy Junkies who contribute *Blue Moon Revisited*. For British Columbian chauvanists, rockabilly lives in Vancouver's Dead Cats (now the Distractions)

and Prince George's *Toungue and Groove* intersect a 30 second *Musical Interlude*. Most of the songs are guitar oriented with a country edge, a sound currently enjoying popularity in Montreal, OG Record's home base. Thankfully, you needn't worry about finding alot of junk that the record company is trying to push squished in between your favorites.

Becky Scott

FRANK ZAPPA Guitar (Riko Discs)

Hey look, the title says it all. F.Z. gets down with his bad self so to speak. Yes folks, the sequel (a word to loathe) to *Shut Up 'n' Play Yer Guitar*, solos and jams like only F.Z. can play them. Recorded live 1979-84 including *Canadian Customers* recorded here in Vancouver, Dec. '84. Over 2 hours of this sort of thing spread across 2 compact discs with the quality varying between 4 track analog to 24 track digital (mostly!). No heavy decisions here folks, either you love this stuff or it bores you to sleep. Either way you've got to like a tune(?) with a title like *Ina-Gadda-Stravinsky*.

Paul C.

MARK ISHAM Castalla (Venture) BILL LASWELL Hear No Evil (Venture)

New age, ah yes, the convenient term in which to sell current non-threatening instrumental music. Even major labels are now selling such pleasures under subsidiary labels. Such is the case with Virgin Records' Venture series. What's different about Venture is that they seem to have raided other rosters (Sky, Windam Hill, etc.) to build up their own. Strange though are the cases of Bill Laswell and Mark Isham. Isham was given carte blanche at Windham Hill to pursue his every whim and desire. The result may have heralded that label into the electronic age but is still nothing all that revolutionary. Perhaps Isham fled Windam Hill in fear of being hopelessly typecast like many of his peers on the label. Stranger yet are the highly in demand services of producer/bassist Bill Laswell who seems to have his fingers in almost every pie that came out of the Celluloid/OAO stable. Why should he jump ship for the release of his second long awaited solo album? Perhaps the answer lies in the grooves (or even digital bumps).

Bill Laswell's follow up to 1983's *Baselines* is not at all what you'd expect even considering his rather eclectic track record so far. *Hear No Evil* leads us in an East meets West soundscape coupling Ry Cooderisms with Skanti. Three string

players (fretless bass, electric violin, acoustic guitar) faced off with three percussionists (pan global stylings) for a venture that is pleasing but never daring. This could be a failing for those of you who enjoyed the quirky shifting rhythms and urban paranoia of Basslines. But hey, this is 5 years later and we've come to expect Mr. Laswell to keep offering us something fresh. His new found serenity is a rather inviting change but one hopes he gets back into shaking up some dirt instead of letting it float to the bottom.

Mark Isham meanwhile is still in the midst of carving out and refining his signature sound and approach. *Castalia*, his 3rd solo album, offers more variety this time around. From orchestral sweeps, the occasional fusion groove (supplied by fellow group 87ers Terry Bozzio and Patrick O'Hearn), Eastern strains a la Laswell's latest, and plenty of space for Isham's ringing trumpet tones. Basically nothing here to scare away any Windham Hill customers, still an interesting effort all the same. For those interested the compact disc offers an extra track (Bonus, man.)

Paul C.

THE TRIFFIDS Calenture (Island)

The song *Calenture* is a short, troubled piano piece which seems almost ready to collapse into itself. Around this peculiar slice swirls the moody, black storm of *The Triffids* new album. Often emotionally strained, the sound of *The Triffids* is very grandiose; it brings to mind the burnt, sweeping plains of their native Western

Australia. Yet, the songs are not at all barren. The melodies are dense and brilliant, tinged here and there by C & W and clanging church bells. David McComb's vocals are richly cragged. The images are sharp and troubling. In *A Trick of the Light*, memories of a lost love linger and haunt: "he's always beating on her like an anvil, beating her out of original shape." A dark rendering of modern rock.

K. Uhrlich

PRINCE Lovesexy (WEA)

Early Spring, 1988. Mark this in your journal. Rolling Stone Magazine releases its "Hot" issue featuring a mostly naked Lisa Bonet on the cover, and everybody raves. She is a goddess come to earth. Within a month, Prince releases his umpteenth album *Lovesexy* with guess who naked on the cover, with just about as much revealed flesh as Ms Bonet allowed us. But a little excitement is heard. Indeed, reputable record chains withdraw Mr. Nelson's album from their stores all over this fine continent, or relegate it to brown paper bag status. Here at CiTR, a certain heavy metal dude is heard to be quite offended, even incensed.

What does it mean? Is the semi-naked male body a 'dirty' thing, 'dirtier' than a semi-naked female body? Is rock 'n' roll really this stupid? The answer my friend, is somewhere obvious, and ultimately should have no bearing on this review. Of course, *Lovesexy* is a damned good album.

Prince only does one kind. Some, of course, are particularly fine, taking melody, harmony and rhythm places they've never been allowed to go before. On first listenings, *Lovesexy* probably isn't quite there. Of course, it's still doing back flips while most white/black crossover funk acts are trying to crawl. *Alphabet Street*, *Anna Stesia*, *Dance On* and *Positivity* are all killer tracks. I've said it before, and I'll say it again. If you don't like Prince you're either a white supremacist or you're too old. What I want to know now is, where is that *Black Album*?

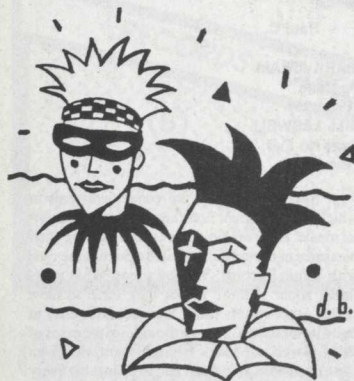
Bill Mullan

JOE JACKSON Live 1980/86 (A&M)

Ten years of material is spruced up and given a new finish on Joe Jackson's newest, *Live 1980/86*. The double album, which spans his entire recording career, was recorded over four different tours including several tracks from the Expo 86 show of his Big World tour. The material is completely rearranged making this live album more than a re-release of old material with shouting in the background. Joe makes no apologies for including three versions of *Is She Really Going Out With Him* claiming that he couldn't choose only one. With endless variation and an honest desire to entertain his audiences, Joe Jackson has permitted us to eavesdrop on all the concerts we missed.

Becky Scott

PLAYERS AND PAINTERS



Running into my old friend Peter beneath a huge Egyptian fan in the doorway set the tone for the whole evening. Peter's this suave and sophisticated guy who used to manage a tres chic Italian import clothing store (even the ties ran three figures). Peter's life is a little different now, he told me. Now he works for —Value Village.

Yep, contrast. The only way to describe an evening in the company of the weird and wonderful *Painters and Players Productions*, where in one evening, you can groove to white reggae, tap your toes to the hip sounds of *Urban Accordeon International*, eat, drink, and add to your art collection.

20 DISORDER

The gala, held on June 19th at the Commodore, was an evening full of surprises. At times, it felt like a wedding reception, Jack Velker and the Ambassadors swinging their way through the night while little kids (how'd they get in?) stood on the feet of their parents to waltz on the edges of the dance floor.

At times, it was more like a cultural bash: the echoing drum beats of the colourful, magical Ghana Dance Company had barely faded before the International Award-Winning Triumph Street Pipe Band strode on, and then the belly-dancer cast an I-Dream-of-Jeannie spell over the crowded room.

Occasionally, it was like travelling through space. After staring at the human sculptures from Zero-F, based on ancient Egyptian themes, you turned your head and leaped centuries, faced with the silver extra-terrestrials created by Focus II. (The evening got even weirder when one of these aliens got off his podium and sat down next to me to chat. Lo and behold, beneath the layers of cement and silver dye, lay the body of a well known CiTR-personality.)

Mostly, though, it felt like a big party, and the audience moving and mingling around the Commodore was having a great time. While they were laughing, drinking, and generously helping themselves to the gourmet offerings, local artists all around the room were creating brand new canvasses. With a time limit of only three hours, many of the painters worked feverishly to finish their ambitious pieces. Others, like Jim Cummins, restricted themselves to slightly more simplistic creations.



In the end, the paintings were auctioned (with the proceeds going to the worthwhile cause of the artists' pockets), and the colourful assemblage of dancers, singers, musicians and other indescribables joined together in a triumphant procession to welcome in the Summer Solstice.

Yep, contrast.

Andrea Lupini

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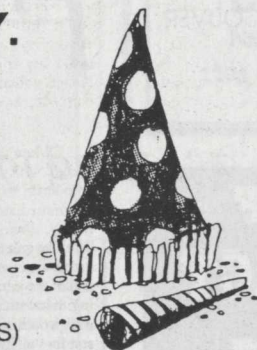
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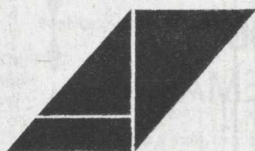
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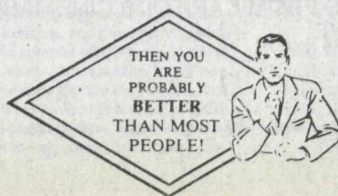
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When a young boy, such as myself, is presented with the opportunity to investigate the wonderful world of Television, his bodily fluids are immediately propelled into an uncontrollable frenzy. From the moment the CBC ran an ad in The Georgia Straight asking for weird, uncoordinated, zit-covered, and melodious youths, 'til the end of the job interview, I was continually dreaming that with my CBC connections **Darryl Hannah** would soon yearn to lick me. My ticket to stardom all hinged upon an interview with a man called **Sid Kozak**, a fine gentleman who had the difficult and I'm sure tiresome task of sorting through the roughly 500 applicants. His job was to select, out of the masses, the perfect streamlined crop of eight children (both boys and girls) who would soon be divided up into the positions of hosts and co-hosts of a CBC show to be aired in the fall. My attire could be described as that of the unknown loser beckoning at the edge of world recognition: I was dressed in gypsy pants, a 60's gold glitz cut-off top, an Expo touque, and a 1950's imitation fur coat. Furthermore, I also carried a 7-11 video camera, a portable CTR tape deck and a newish looking knapsack. Upon my arrival at the CBC building, on that Tuesday morning of the seventh day of June, I was courteously

directed by the receptionist to Young Street Casting on "S" level. There I mingled with a fellow job applicant, until he said in a pleasant tone, "I'd like it if you could remove that tape recorder from my face." Seeing that this guy was bigger than me and could easily beat the shit out of my body, I quickly obliged. This made me think about the number of applicants for the job; there must be tall-smart people, smart-gods, sportish-losers, loser-losers, god-gods and strong-short people all out there vying for a place in the sacred domain of Television. Soon the CBC recruitment crew reared its ugly head and instructed me to fill out a questionnaire that contained the usual interview questions. Profound statements such as "What's the most important issue facing teenagers today?" and "What was the last movie you saw?" graced the colored page. My picture was taken by the man and woman photographic team, who commented that "I was weird" for smelling my tape recorder and exposing body hair. They also told me "I was too much" and that "I should tone it down a bit." Now maybe in the average business suit interview for IBM my actions might have been a tad energetic, but this was an audition for stardom, for TV, and I was going to give it my all. The moment had arrived. Mr. Sid

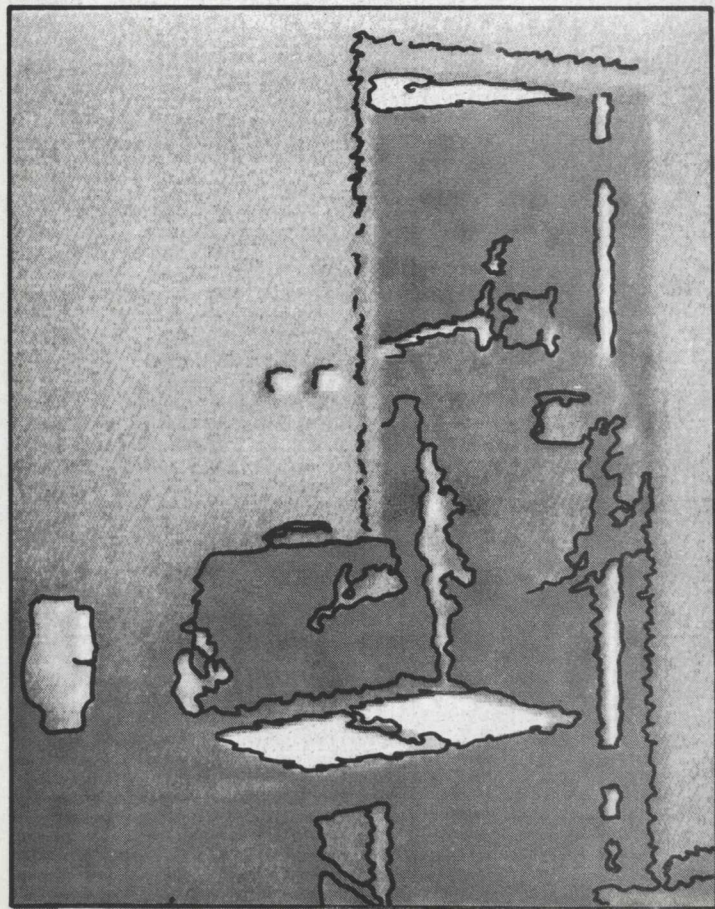
ARE YOU ABNORMAL?



Kozak was ready to evaluate my worthiness for the CBC. He greeted me with "Why do you have all these gadgets with you?" and I replied, "Because this is what the whole world is about. It's about gadgets, it's about people, it's about having fun." I then handed him the questionnaire that I had filled out, to which he replied, "I don't understand some of your answers here." Mr. Kozak couldn't understand why I had responded that if Reagan is Jesus, Bush will be God, when asked who will be the next president of the United States. I told him that the reason I related American politics to Jesus and God was because they were so entrenched in God anyways. As I told Sid, "An example of this is Canada. You look at Mulroney and say he's the prime minister. Then you look at Reagan and say he's God. But then some people think he's Jesus. So if Jesus is God and Reagan is Jesus then Bush will be God. That's why you can relate American politics to God and Jesus, because no one really knows what's going on there." The second phase of the verbal repartee was presented to my face with the question, "Why are you here?" I responded, "I'm here to have fun." Sid quickly interrupted, "Well, I'm not someone to have fun with, I'm doing a job here." This angered me so I responded that I thought every job should be fun but it was to no avail. I was then faced with showing off my past job experience. "In this world," I told Sid, "there is someone better

than me in everything I do, except for one thing. I have the ability to know when I have to go to the washroom better than anyone else. You can attempt to tell me that I have to go to the washroom, but I can always hold it." Books, CTR doo-dads, high school stuff and newspaper clippings glorifying myself were all given to Mr. Kozak to look at while I played him a tape of me blabbering away uselessly. When I was questioned about my family, I explained that since I am an only child, and my parents are old enough today to have yuppie children I consider myself to be growing up in the sixties. Therefore, the aggression that parents directed against their kids in the sixties is the aggression I'm getting right now from my parents. This whole myth was quickly dispelled when Sid said, "There was no aggression in the sixties. I grew up then." I continued talking to Sid about other important issues, until the ultimatum was declared. Mr. Sid Kozak blurted, "Anyway, I have a very brief interview with everyone, and I've had my interview with you and that's it." Nevertheless, the interview lasted about ten more minutes as I explained my philosophy of life and gathered my gadgets that had been scattered about the room. I opened the door to leave the interview, looked at Sid Kozak and said, "I hope I haven't upset you." Sid turned to me and yelped in his CBC voice, "No, you haven't upset me." It was over.

John Ruskin



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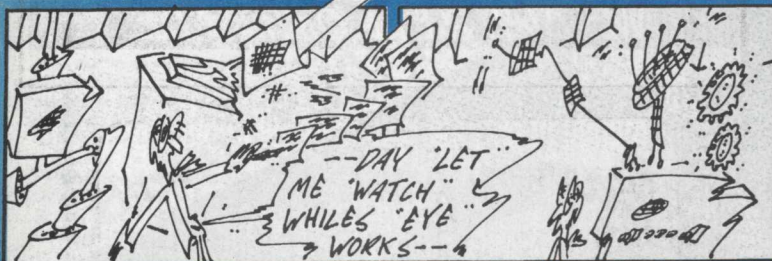
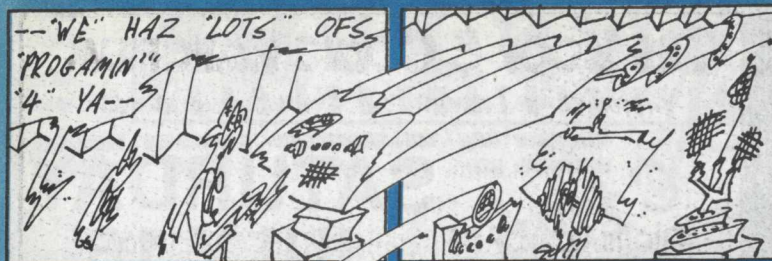
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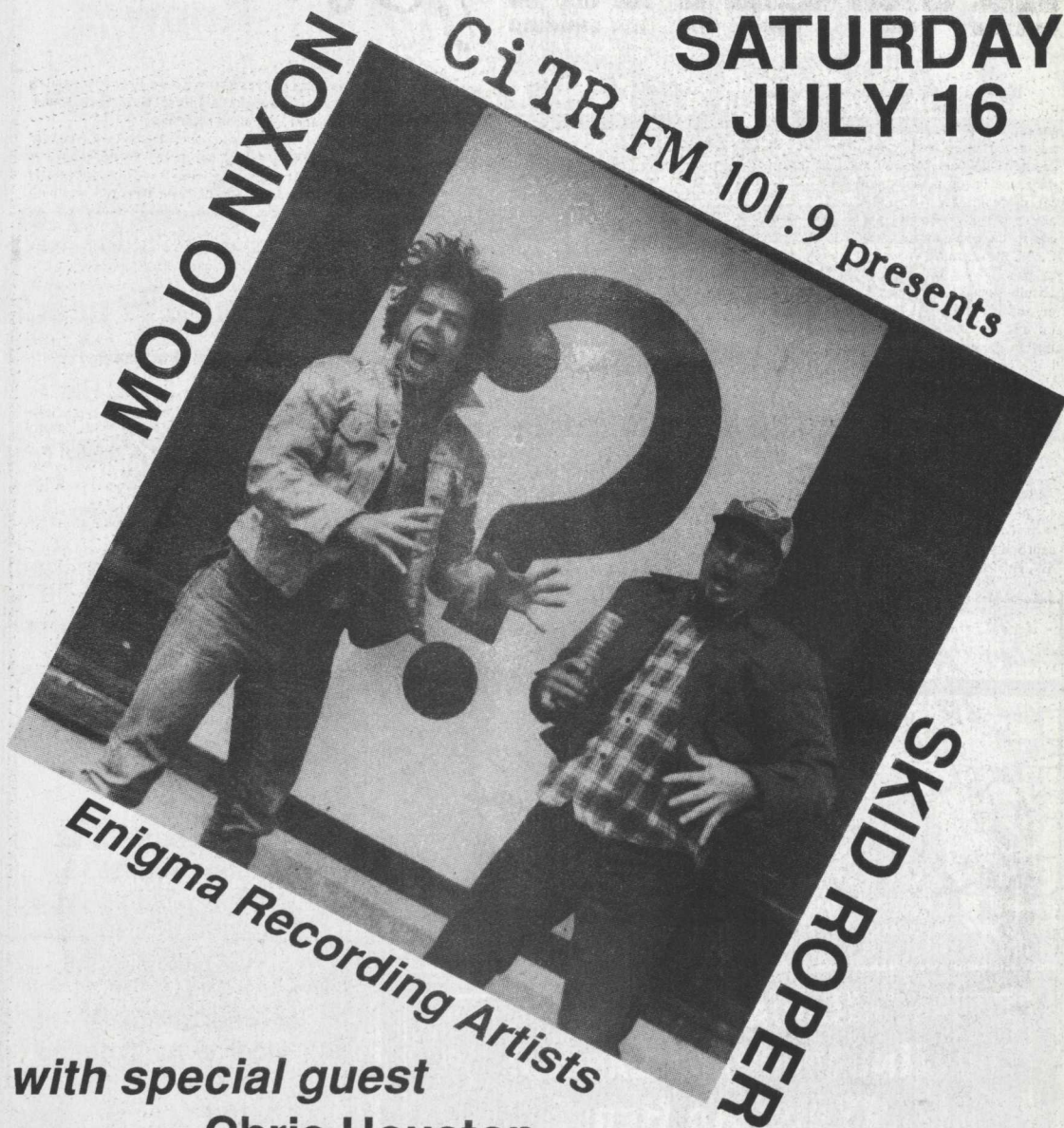
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LOCAL Motion

It's a bit odd explaining how an old CTR'er like myself had such a good time at a benefit gig put on by Vancouver's other campus radio station on May 30, but hey, it was fun. Besides the assorted CJIV personalities leaping on and off the stage, the lineup included **The Bravados**, **The Merry Pranksters** (both with demos at CTR right now), **Ivan Purple**, and **Family Plot**. Of course, the whole evening was livened up by the Club Soda regulars (who didn't quite know what to make of the whole thing, but seemed like awfully good sports) requesting AC/DC and so on, and **Ivan Purple** ending up not playing at all (mainly because of sound problems I think). But the biggest surprise for me was the performance by the Merry Pranksters, who put on a really good show. Mike, the lead singer, looked like a sort of Young Socrad in Man-From-Glad clothes, but my goodness, what came out of his mouth! Not only do they have anthems like *Sausage Grinding Party*, but the Pranksters can play, too. As for those AC/DC requests - well, if you play Van Halen's *Ain't Talking 'Bout Love* in front of some people, what d'you expect?

Go Four Three is heading into Little Mountain Sound (where they recorded their *Six Friends* LP, on Zulu, with Ron Obvious) to record a 4-

song demo, once again with Ron, and also Chalk Circle's producer, Chris Wardman, before heading off to Toronto (at least for a while) for a change of scenery. So expect to hear more about that soon. Also on the recording front, by next month CTR should have the latest tape by the Rainwalkers, recorded (although you'd never guess to hear it) in former drummer Brian's basement. But for now, here's this month's demo crop:

Daybreak Parade - Numbered Roses. A very clean recording from a band I know absolutely nothing about. Unfortunately, the sound is so polished that there isn't much to make their sound distinctive, other than the more-than-a-little-Bowie-esque vocals, at least not at this stage of their recording careers.

Harcourt Army - Vander Zalm Babies. Well, this effort is a little late, since once again it's possible for a woman without lots of cash to get an abortion in this province, but the idea is funny: take a pleasant Elvis Costello song and change the words so it implies the premier's plan was to ultimately increase the population of the masses he governs.

From **The 4 Ones**, a five-song tape recorded at Mushroom early last March - the selections make use of sounds ranging from synth winds (a

la Tears For Fears) to a Robert Palmer-ish guitar, but still have that unmistakable 4 Ones sound. Another very clean recording.

From Toronto comes a tape by **Surrender Dorothy**, 4 long songs by obviously serious musicians, led by a female vocalist who would remind me a little of Kate Bush if she didn't almost make the latter sound rock 'n' roll by comparison. Very pretty, thoughtful stuff, with things like slap bass (played on the top strings), harmonics, lots of studio effects and (although I can't be sure, since I'm not used to counting past four) even 6/8 time on one song.

Also new this month is the long-awaited latest **A Merry Cow** demo - *Pop-O-Matic* (you remember the commercials, don't you?), their best-recorded demo yet (that CTR's seen, anyway), full of wild panning and fun effects and interspersed with all kinds of tongue-in-cheek **Led Zeppelin** tidbits. Well, I've liked A Merry Cow all along, and now at last there's a way for me to listen to them and enjoy one of my most guilty 70's North Van pleasures at the same time, listening to the Zep...

...happy Canada Day, good citizens. See ya at the beach.

Janis

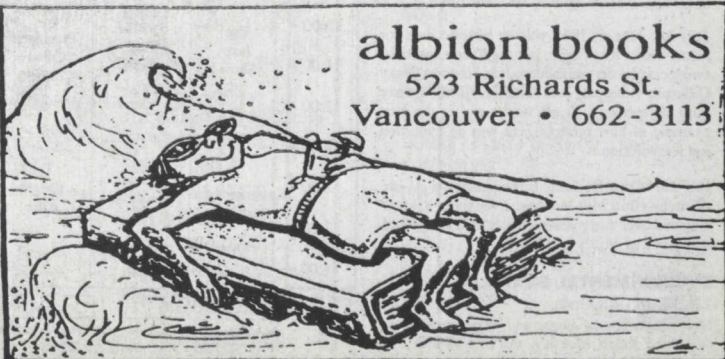
Going
Somewhere?



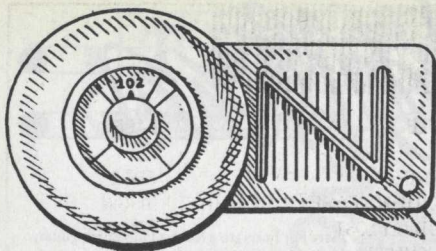
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MONDAYS

SOUP STOCK FROM THE BONES OF THE ELEPHANT MAN 7:30am - 11:00am

Three and a half hours of strictly independent music ranging from spoken word poetry to hardcore. Weekly features on indie labels, plus interviews. Hosted by Robert Lorenz and Lloyd Uliana.

July 4: Rabid Cat and Caroline Records

July 11: Jungle Hop Records from France and Tokyo's Midi Records

July 18: Mordam and Alternative Tentacles

July 25: Various Western european independent music.

Aug 1: Passport and Peaceville Records

SOUP DE JOUR 11:00am - 1:00pm

CITR's oasis of dementia, for those of you who insist on standing in the soup line in the midst of plenty. Catch the menu this month only, as your irrepressible host Kevin Williams may be returning to the jungles of Southeast Asia this summer to get even with them M.I.A.'s who burned him in 'Nam back in '71.

THE JAZZ SHOW 9:00pm - 12:30am

Vancouver's longest running prime time Jazz program featuring all the classic players, the occasional interview and local music news. Hosted by the ever-suave Gavin Walker.

July 4: Booker Ervin (1930-1969) was one of the most powerful tenor saxophonists of any era... his wide open sound and concept could startle you with its impact. Here is one of his first albums recorded under his own name... "That's it!"

July 11: There are so many classic Miles Davis recordings it's sometimes hard to choose but here is an interesting one called "Miles In The Sky". Miles in transition... his first use on record of electric instruments (electric piano-Herbie Hancock) (electric bass-Ron Carter) and the addition of George Benson (guitar) on some tunes.

July 18: June 6, 1945 was an historic date for Jazz. Vibist Red Norvo put together a sextet of swing era players and modern Jazz pioneers Dizzy Gillespie (trumpet) and Charlie "Bird" Parker (alto saxophone). It all works and is the best example of how modern Jazz was an evolution not a revolution.

July 25: "Opus De Jazz" is the name of a classic album by vibist Milt Jackson. Even though it was recorded over thirty years ago it's held its age and is still one of Milt's best.

ENVIRONMENTAL SCATOLOGY

12:30am - 4:00am

Melt slugs, smoke bugs, and experience Residents and Ralph Monday, the first Monday of every month.

TUESDAYS

STEAKS THIS THICK 3:00pm - 5:00pm

Summer's finally here, school's out and it's time to fire up them Bar-B-Q's. Yeah. Burgers, hot dogs, potato salad, mindless pop music, aprons with stupid sayings on them and Steaks This Thick. With your host, Oral "Genius at Work" Dave.

CITR FM 102
CABLE 102

CITR FM 102
CABLE 102

	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
7:30							
8:00							
9:00	Soup Stock From	The Jennifer Chan Show	Alternative Wednesdays	The Spice of Life	In Context	The Saturday Edge	Are you Serious Music
10:00	The Bones	Pest Control	Battersea Park Gardens	Better Hohm's & Garlick's	Tribes And Shadows		
11:00	Soup de Jour				The Joanna Graystone Show	Power Chord	The Rockers Show
12:00							
1:00	CITR NEWS, SPORTS AND WEATHER					NEerOPHILE	Soul Galore
2:00	Alien Watchdog	Blood On The Saddle	The PTL Show	The Kirsty Alley Fan Club	EXPO 66		
3:00					Narduwar	Blues, Blues, Blues	Rock Slot/ SoulCity
4:00	Radio Vomit	Steaks This Thick	The PTL Show (Cont)	Happiness Is Yelling "Bingo!"	Absolute Value of Noise		
5:00	NEWS, SPORTS, WEATHER, GENERIC REVIEW, INSIGHT AND DAILY FEATURE					Deadly Doom	Rock Slot/ SoulCity
6:00	CrapShoot	Fine Lines	Objects ...	The Vinyl Frontier	The way we see it	Sat. Magazine	Sun. Magazine
7:00	Hot Pink	Neon Meat Dream	After The Goddess		Interference	We Be Botanists/ House Party	Just Like Women/ Electronic Smoke Signals
8:00	More Dinosaurs		The African Show	Top Of The Bops			
9:00	The Jazz Show	Swirlin' Vinyl Spin	Permanent Culture Shock	The Can-Con Job	Stomp On That Big Boppa-Tron	Nocturnes	Playloud This Is Not A Test
10:00							
11:00	Environmental Scatology	Aural Tentacles	The Knight After		I Don't Know	Tunes 'R' Us	In The Grip Of Incoherency
12:00							
1:00							
2:00							
3:00							
4:00							

WEEKDAY REPORTS		SATURDAY REPORTS		SUNDAY REPORTS	
1:00	BBC World Report/Local news/sports	Noon	MAJOR NEWS/SPORTS	10:00	VANCOUVER NEW MUSIC CALENDAR
5:00	MAJOR NEWS/SPORTS	6:00	SATURDAY EVENING MAGAZINE	Noon	NEWS
				6:00	SUNDAY MAGAZINE

SWIRLIN' LIFELIKE COLORS OF VINYL SPIN 9:00pm - midnite

Yo listen up Mophkar. Crocodile Dundee Part 12 belts it senseless while Porno Mike dubs hisself chapter 98.3 verse six.

AURAL TENTACLES midnite - 4:00am

A drop of perspiration rolls down his bulbous nose and lands with a soft plop onto his watch! He

looked...it was midnite! Music, news and cheap lobotomies performed by Pierre.

WEDNESDAYS

ALTERNATIVE WEDNESDAYS

7:30am - 10:00am

Music for erthrophobes.

BATTERSEA PARK GARDENS

10:00am - 1:00pm

"Floral arrangements of post-industrial imperialism"

On air programmer: Matt Richards

PAULA TAKES LIBERTIES

1:00pm - 5:00pm

Take off your sox and shoos, wiggle yer toes; it's summer on the PTL show!

THE KNIGHT AFTER midnite - very late
Rockin' Patrick and his pal Vern Lutner bring you music without the gristle. Turn it up REALLY loud and get kicked out of your house. MARLIN PERKINS MUSICAL HOUR brings you the weird and wonderful from all over this sick world. This month: Ginger Leigh, Repetition, Repetition and more...

THURSDAYS

THE KIRSTY ALLEY FAN CLUB

1:30pm - 3:00 pm

Yes, she's in town to do a TV movie and here's a show dedicated to her and the music she'd want to hear. This month we're having a "How to pronounce her name" seminar. With your host Patrick Carroll.

HAPPINESS IS YELLING "BINGO!"

3:00pm - 5:00pm

Mike leaves town to tour with the Grateful Dead. Gavin flies solo for two months of HOT HITS. Cooking up a storm of tasty tidbits from the Heavy Metal kitchen.

FRIDAYS

IN CONTEXT Fridays 8:30 - 10:00

July 1st: Little by way of New Dance for the summer. However; Interviews with Jazz Festival performers Michele Rosewoman & Masquelero-the exotic side of Jazz. Music-Dissidenten, Tropicana, profile of the Harrison Festival...BUSY!

July 8: Theatre Profile: Sleuth, Cats, King of America (interview Alan Williams), Arts Club, and the Avante-Garde, (we hope). Interview: Tracy Chapman (she's good) and the usual provocative stuff...

July 15: New Music in the City. Sting-some info...Features, etc.

July 22: Architecture, Art, and hopefully, Song & Dance.

TRIBES AND SHADOWS 10:30 - 11:30

July 1st: The Caravan of Dreams, based in Fort Worth, Texas, is one of the more innovative, organized Performing Arts centers in North America. Inspired by the music of Ornette Coleman, the Caravan features State-of-the-Art recording facilities, architecture, and Environmental harmony. Today- an interview with Artistic Director Kathleen Hoffman, on the overall concept.

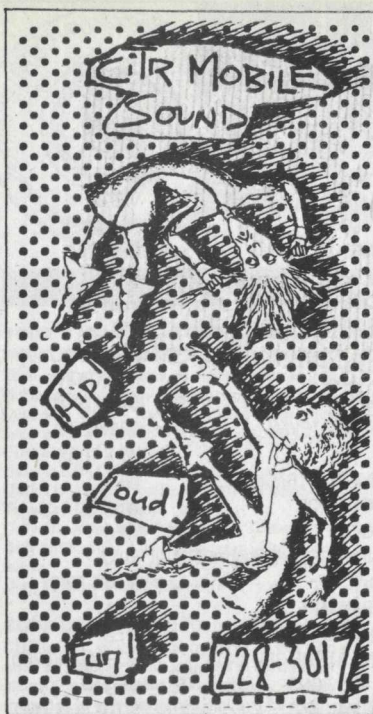
SPINList

ARTIST	TITLE	LABEL
*NUMB	NUMB	EDGE
CAMPER VAN BEETHOVEN	OUR BELOVED REVOLUTIONARY...	VIRGIN
YOUNG FRESH FELLOWS	TOTALLY LOST	FRONTIER
*GRUESOMES	UNCHAINED	PRIMITIVE
VARIOUS	SGT. PEPPER KNEW MY FATHER	NME
TRACY CHAPMAN	TRACY CHAPMAN	ELEKTRA
DINOSAUR JR.	YOU'RE LIVING ALL OVER ME	SST
KILLING JOKE	AMERICA	EG
JAZZ BUTCHER	FISHCOTEQUE	CREATION
MEAT BEAT MANIFESTO	I GOT THE FEAR	SWEATBOX
BUTTHOLE SURFERS	HAIRWAY TO STEVEN	FRINGE
REVOLTING COCKS	LIVE	WAX TRAX
VARIOUS	COLORS SOUNDTRACK	WEA
SUGARCUBES	LIFE'S TOO GOOD	WEA
WEDDINGS, PARTIES ANYTHING	ROARING DAYS	WEA
VARIOUS	PERMANENT RECORD SOUNDTRACK	EPIC
HEAD OF DAVID	DUSTBOWL	BLAST FIRST
STUMP	FIERCE PANCAKE	MCA
JESUS & MARY CHAIN	BARBED WIRE KISSES	WEA
SOVIET FRANCE	SHOUTING AT THE GROUND	SCREAMING RED
*COWBOY JUNKIES	TRINITY SESSIONS	LATENT
RED LORRY/YELLOW LORRY	NOTHING WRONG	SITUATION TWO
*FORGOTTEN REBELS	SURFIN' ON HEROIN	RESTLESS
WILD SEEDS	MUD, LIES AND SHAME	PASSPORT
*NOMEANSNO	THE DAY EVERYTHING BECAME...	ALT. TENT.
LUXURIA	UNANSWERABLE LUST	POLYGRAM
VARIOUS	RAT MUSIC FOR RAT PEOPLE	CD
THE DICKIES	KILLER KLOWNS	ENIGMA
THE FALL	FRENZ EXPERIMENT	POLYGRAM
THOMAS DOLBY	ALIENS ATE MY BUICK	CAPITAL
NICK LOWE	PINKER AND PROUDER THAN EVER	COLUMBIA
PRINCE	LOVESEXY	WEA
NEON JUDGEMENT	HORNYS AS HELL	POLYGRAM
LIVING COLOR	VIVID	EPIC
RENEGADE SOUND WAVE	COCAINE AND SEX MIXES	RHYTHM KING

DEMOS

BAND	SONG
SURF-HIPPIES	LOVE IS A DREAM MACHINE
64 FUNNY CARS	AGAIN AND AGAIN
THE MERRY PRANKSTERS	WELCOME TO BILL VAN DER ZALM'S
STINGIN'HORNETS	ROCKET IN MY POCKET
FRANK FRINK 5	THE BRIDGE
CATHERINE WHEEL	FORTUNE
A MERRY COW	POP-O-MATIC
ROYAL CANADIAN MAPLE SAPS	RIDE'EM COWBOY
RED HERRING	HAS HE
BRIDE STRIPPED BARE	SCHIZOPHRENIA

* DENOTES CANADIAN CONTENT



July 8, 15, 22, 29: Room for an ART -

ART in Vancouver- Vancouver is "low context"- is there room for Art in Vancouver?, or is there room in the Artist for Vancouver... What is the role of Art in this city? Interviews with some (important) people who might have some suggestions.

NARDUAR THE HUMAN SERVIETTE

230pm - 3:00pm

A half hour show striving to make you, the listener, happy in Vancouver, B.C. Canada.

SATURDAYS

DEADLY DOOM OF DARKNESS

5:00pm - 6:00pm

HOUSE PARTY/WE BE BOTANISTS

6:00pm - 9:00pm

Alternating alternatives. God only knows. The future is so uncertain. Invest heavily in gold and platinum.

NOCTURNES/ANOTHER KIND OF

SATURDAY 9:00pm - midnite

More than Just another radio show - a time zone with a life of its own. Resident: Paul C.

SUNDAYS

ARE YOU SERIOUS MUSIC?

8:00am - noon

New music, contemporary music, avant-garde, serious music, academic music: we're not sure

what it is, so maybe you should listen interference instead. Your hosts: Paul B.A. Steenhuisen and Salvador Crutchley.

SOUL GALORE 3:00pm-3:30pm

BLUES, BLUES, BLUES

3:30pm - 5:30pm

July 3: Eddie Taylor's guitar

July 17: Chuck Berry's Blues

ELECTRONIC SMOKE SIGNALS/JUST LIKE WOMEN

6:30pm - 9:00pm

July 3: SMOKE SIGNALS: Feature interviews with Thom Henley in the struggle to save South Moresby/Haida Gwaii and tropical rainforest preservation world-wide; Michael Conway-Brown on alternatives to herbicides in forestry today. Report on the International Uranium Congress. Free trade, ecology and indigenous land rights analysis to mark Canada Day.

July 10: JUST LIKE WOMEN: Feature interview with Chris Plewit of New Catalyst on the upcoming Third North American Bio-regionalist Congress to be held 21-26 August near Squamish, B.C. Update on the proposed Orca Sanctuary of Johnstone Strait and Hanson Island. Folk music Festival highlights and interviews.

July 24: JUST LIKE WOMEN: Women's music, feminist news and analysis.

July 31: SMOKE SIGNALS: Highlights and interviews from the La Quena Fiesta. Updates on ecological and indigenous peoples' struggles in Central and South America. Preview of events planned to mark Hiroshima and Nagasaki Days in Vancouver. Feature interview with Walt Taylor of "Waging Peace".

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